

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR THE NATIONAL ERA.
A STORY FOR CHILDREN.
BY ALICE CAREY.

"I'll warrant it," said Aunt Katy, "if I had half of that John, I'd make him jump. He hasn't got half the wife and reasons that his cousin has; and the reason is, he has been humored and made a baby of, and never so much as killed a fire in his life!"

"I didn't mean to say anything about it," said she, looking down, and checking her eyes. "What did you mean?" she asked. "I was there, and I thought they would feel bad, and I had made a cup of tea and a bit of toast, and everything; and I was sitting in the door, thinking of the time when I came to the country, and when we had to pen our sheep at night, when Billy came running along, and says, 'I'll warrant it,' and Billy says, 'Yes, they have come.' And so I goes out to help out Mrs. Flagg, but she climbs up as if she had been to no funeral, nor wedding, and says she, 'Catsy, says she, 'have you got supper ready?' She didn't say nothing to Oliver, nor tell him that was the place where he was to live, nor nothing; and so I told him that was the place where he was to live, and so I took his hand and led him along to the house, it was all of a tremble. He had more than got out of the door, she went on to say, 'than Mrs. Flagg says to him, says she, 'Billy, run out into the hall, and up stairs as fast as you can, and bring me my old slippers. You will find them somewhere about.' Now, though she said 'my son' all so fine, why didn't she send her own son, who so there making a racket with Julie? And how should she expect that little Oliver would know where the slippers were, and her slippers? Sure enough—just as I expected—directly he came back crying like a good fellow, with a great big lump on his forehead, as big as the sky; he had run against something in the dark, and had not found the slippers, either."

"Nothing," replied the child; "but I hurt myself, and that's all." "And the uncle, as it is, is that all?" answered the uncle, as if it was a great secret. "And the uncle, as it is, is that all?" answered the uncle, as if it was a great secret. "And the uncle, as it is, is that all?" answered the uncle, as if it was a great secret.

FAMILIAR LETTERS FROM CUBA.

NEAR CARDENAS, May 10, 1853.

To the Editor of the National Era:—

After a longer stay in the city than I had proposed when I left the Vuelta Abajo, I have at last reached this city by way of the northeastern quarter of this magnificent island. The eastern section of Cuba is styled, in a general way, the Vuelta Abajo, just as the western is called the Vuelta Arriba—the terms signifying, respectively, as near as may be, the upper and lower portions of the island. The difference in nature and appearance between the sections thus designated is very remarkable. The Vuelta Arriba contains the finest estates of the island. Limonar, near Matanzas, and the neighborhood of Sagua-la-Grande, and Cardenas ought to be visited by every traveler who wishes to carry away with him a just idea of the fertility of the famous "red earth" of Cuba, and of the enterprise of her planters. The creole takes over-assertion, and puts himself to no pains that he can avoid in order to attain any object. He works to-morrow; his motto is "never do to-day what can be done to-morrow," and to this rule of conduct he adheres with scrupulous fidelity. The most serious proof of this is to be seen in the signs of the times, many indications that the Spanish Government is preparing to follow the example of England, less from any motives of humanity or from any sense of justice, stimulated by that noble example, than from a conviction that the maintenance of the rule of the creole is the only way to preserve the possession of the island to the Castilian Crown. This as it may be. Yet an American cannot but blush to think that such a policy would be, indeed, most efficient to that end. Despotism is the only foundation for all these rumors about the intentions of Spain, is to be found in the recent proceedings of the English Government, in enforcement of the treaty for suppressing the slave trade. The emancipation of slaves re-captured in Cuba and bound out to service, as I before explained, for a term of seven years, after which they are transferred to one of the English colonies in Africa or America, as freemen—have very often been shamefully misused by their employers, and have been enslaved by them, those being frequently the most unscrupulous of the "Mixed Commissions," who are really sent into life-long bondage. The present English Government seem disposed to demand a reform in this matter, and the energetic English consul at Havana is pushing the colonial authorities very hard.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

MIDNIGHT IN AUTUMN AMONG THE HILLS OF OHIO.

Midnight in Autumn. Over all
The quiet earth the moonbeams fall.
So tremulously bright,
They seem like souls of angels, sent
From the silent vastness of heaven,
To cheer the realm of night.

The soft wind o'er the hillside sweeps,
And up the glen the gray mist creeps,
Where glides the sparkling rill;
And from the silent vastness of heaven,
To cheer the realm of night.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE NATIONAL ERA.